The Strap

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The Strap

by cmsprite79

Summary

Hannibal and Will have entered into a D/s relationship. Hannibal is slowly introducing a skittish Will to his version of a D/s power dynamic. As a demonstration, Hannibal uses an old-fashioned Scottish tawse to educate and discipline Will. This is the prequel to my story Pocket Square. We get to see the infamous strap mentioned in Pocket Square in action!

Notes

As with Pocket Square, a lot is left unsaid in this story including but not limited to discussion of safewords, boundaries, and consent. I'm postulating that Will does have encephalitis in these stories (he does sweat a lot) but its presence doesn't play a large part except to underlie the fact that Will may not be in the mindset to be able to fully understand what he's consenting to with the activities that take place and Hannibal takes advantage of that because he's a grade-A prick. Disclaimer: This is *not* a how-to guide for D/s relationships. Please play responsibly and always have a safeword.

TW: At the beginning, there is a discussion of past child spanking/discipline that may be uncomfortable for some readers.

Another note: Tawse straps usually have rounded ends (or at least the majority of pictures of them I've seen online do) but I liked the idea of the one Hannibal wields looking like a snake's forked tongue. Heh. Thus the series title.

Will leaned back into Hannibal's body. He looked at the instrument on the wall and his right eye began to twitch. Hannibal's lips pressed soft and threatening against his hairline. He shuddered and swallowed.

"Did you know, Will, the tawse was used in Scottish public schools right up until the 1980s for corporal punishment?" Hannibal's voice rumbled through Will's ear and he felt it in their pressed-together chests. Fingers traced his nipples lightly through his plaid shirt. "It was administered mainly to the hands but occasionally to the buttocks. Some unlucky children were scarred for life." He paused and Will's breath wavered. He felt Hannibal nose behind his ear. His eyelids fluttered but he couldn't take his eyes away from the long leather strap Hannibal was showing him. He looked at it for a long time, Hannibal corralling his attention to it, to the tooled leather handle inlaid with a lighter-colored leather than the dark brown that surrounded it, to the twelve inches of matching dark-brown leather extending down from the handle and split down the middle forming two individual straps from one, each tapered at the end. The effect was that of a giant serpent's tongue. Will could almost feel it slithering along his skin, down his spine, to the tempting roundness of his upturned bottom. He shuddered.

"The tawse wasn't used only in schools," Hannibal went on. "It was also used in domestic discipline, given as parting gifts to mill girls when they left work to become wives and inscribed with the Scottish phrase meaning 'go gently.' The pain it delivers is exquisite." Hannibal rubbed Will's abdomen and hooked his chin over Will's shoulder. "Sharp and stinging at first." He nipped at Will's neck and kissed the lightly pinked flesh drawing a little gasp from the younger man. "Then, ten minutes later, a deep ache. And finally, after an hour or so, settling into a fevered warmth." Will said nothing. He simply absorbed Hannibal's history lesson, dreading its relevance to their newly evolving relationship.

Hannibal held Will close a few moments longer but then reached past him and took the tawse down from the wall. Will cringed back against Hannibal's immovable body. Hannibal's eyes didn't leave Will's face. He brought the tawse closer and pressed it against Will's chest, then slowly ran it down Will's clothed torso as he said, "The tawse was a weapon of enormous power and cruelty. Its official name was never uttered in the institutions in which it was used. It was so feared that it was only ever called 'the strap' or 'the belt' by both students and faculty almost as though to call it by its rightful name would invoke its sting." He brought the tawse to rest against Will's thigh, noting how Will's eyes had followed its path down his front and also noting how tense Will had become. He squeezed Will's shoulder with his free hand and slid it close to Will's neck, possessive. "Did your father ever use his belt on you, Will?" he asked softly. Will flinched and his throat bobbed, swallowing a lump.

"H-He…" Will's voice strained to answer, perhaps because he didn't want to. Instead, he shook his head. "No," he finally managed, "not his belt. He used his hands to sp-spank me."

The great forked tongue of leather rubbed the inside of Will's jean-covered thigh in little circles. It was thicker, heftier than Will thought it would be when he had seen it on the wall. "And why did your father spank you, Will?" asked Hannibal, voice low. His free hand squeezed the meat of Will's upper shoulder and then stilled. He kept slowly rubbing the tawse against Will's leg. Will sucked in a breath and clenched his hands at his sides.

“He spanked me when I was bad,” said Will and his head bobbed in a shallow nod. “When I did something wrong.”

“He did it to correct your behavior.” Will nodded again and his eyes closed. He didn’t want to see. The slide of the smooth leather against his leg was almost too much combined with the solid warmth of Hannibal behind him and the quiet, penetrating voice asking him private questions. He was close to overwhelm already and hadn’t even felt the sting of the strap yet. “He did it,” added Hannibal and laid his forehead against the side of Will’s head, speaking intimately close, “because he cared for your wellbeing.”

“Yes,” whispered Will.

“Because he loved you.”

“*Yes*.”

“And when the painful part was over…?” Hannibal kissed Will’s earlobe, ran his nose through the soft curls just behind the curved, vulnerable flesh, inhaled the scent of Will’s distress like he would inhale the aroma of a delicate perfume. Will gritted his teeth.

“He forgave me,” replied Will, his voice sliding and cracking on the words. The hand holding the tawse came up and stroked his chest. The tawse dangled from a loop of thin leather through a hole in the handle around Hannibal’s palm. Will was bound between Hannibal behind him and Hannibal’s hand on the front of his body. He tensed and let out a hard breath, eyes still closed against the onslaught of emotions Hannibal’s questioning and the introduction of the tawse had conjured. He felt fingers, gentle but firm, turn his head to the right. He opened his eyes in time for Hannibal’s lips to press against his own. Will’s jaw loosened and his eyes slid shut again. He allowed himself to wallow in the pleasure of Hannibal’s kiss for a moment but then it was gone and the fingers that had guided him to it stroked his cheek.

“When you displease me, I will, like your father, correct your mistakes,” said Hannibal, “with this.” His hand lowered from Will’s face and he flipped the tawse over so he was gripping the tooled handle. Will looked down at the instrument and then back to Hannibal. He could see from the look in Hannibal’s eyes that Hannibal was waiting for some kind of confirmation, some kind of signal.

“Okay,” said Will huskily and his eye twitched again. He was rewarded with a kiss, deeper and hungrier than the last. He gave in to it and it went on for longer than he hoped. Finally, though, Hannibal pulled away and stepped back.

“We must discuss some rules regarding the strap, then,” said Hannibal and gestured to the two chairs facing each other in the middle of the office space. Will followed his silent direction and took his usual chair while Hannibal took his. The tawse Hannibal laid on the table beside him with a certain amount of reverence. Will’s eyes darted from the strap to Hannibal and back several times, unsure where to come to rest.

“What kind of rules, exactly?” asked Will, curious, though he crossed his legs and did the same with his arms over his chest to mitigate feeling exposed. Hannibal sat with his legs

apart, arms casually on the armrests, his jacket button undone to reveal his trim waistcoat.

“You may not touch the strap unless I expressly ask you to fetch it for me,” began Hannibal. “When I do, you will retrieve it and carry it only by the handle, not the tongue. You will present it to me on your knees, head bowed, and lift it with both hands flat below it so I may take it or refuse it. The strap is not to be used for pleasure, only for correction.” Will almost snorted at that. He couldn’t imagine that thing providing any sort of pleasure. Hannibal saw his expression and his own eyes crinkled in amusement, as though he knew better, but he didn’t comment on Will’s reaction. He went on. “Should I accept your plea for punishment and take the strap, I will present it back to you. I expect you to pay due worship, preferably with your lips.”

Will’s brow furrowed and he tilted his head, hands going to the armrests of the chair and the fingers of his right hand tapping against one. “You mean kiss it?”

“Yes.” Hannibal waited a beat, letting Will process.

Will did let out a snort then but bobbled his head in acceptance and said, “Okay,” and then, “Go on.”

“When I am finished correcting you with the strap, I will present it to you again and you will ‘thank’ it with another kiss. And then you will thank me.”

Will grinned. “With a kiss?” he asked insolently.

“*That* is to be determined based on how severe your infraction,” said Hannibal and his tone wiped the grin off Will’s face. “I may not allow you to touch me at all. After punishment, I may allow you to return the tawse to its proper place or I may do it. Also to be determined based on what kind of headspace you are in at the time. Care of the instrument is my jurisdiction. If I am truly displeased with you, you will not touch the strap at all, merely feel its sting as I remind you of your place.”

“On my hands?”

Hannibal shook his head. “No. Never the hands. Ass, thighs, perhaps the meat of your chest or across the shoulders, but never the hands. There is too much risk of damage there.”

Will let out a breath. “Okay, good. Kinda hard to explain the marks, too, on the hands.” Hannibal simply nodded.

After a few moments of silence, Hannibal’s eyes took on a steely glint and he said, “Fetch me the strap, Will.”

Will’s mouth opened before he could stop himself and he said with a confused look, “But it’s right next… to… you.” His words slowed even as Hannibal’s head titled and his expression changed to one of displeasure. “Okay, sure,” grumbled Will, thinking Hannibal incredibly lazy, and rose from his seat.

“I can see your attitude is the first thing I must correct,” said Hannibal, watching as Will walked over to him and grabbed the handle of the tawse. Will stood next to Hannibal’s chair, uncertain what to do next. Hannibal helpfully pointed to the rug at his feet and Will remembered *how* he was supposed to present the strap.

“Shit, sorry,” he mumbled as he went awkwardly to his knees between Hannibal’s feet and held the tawse up on both palms like a knight presenting a precious sword to his king. He looked at Hannibal and Hannibal cleared his throat. Will blushed and bowed his head, lifting the tawse level with his eyes. He stared at the vee-shaped space of chair created by Hannibal’s thighs. The position felt awkward, unnatural.

Hannibal did not take the instrument from him yet. “You are in trouble, Will, for your attitude and your forgetfulness and the filthy language you insist on using in my presence,” intoned Hannibal and Will’s back muscles froze, the tawse suddenly heavy in his hands.

“I’m sorry,” breathed Will automatically from a lifetime of apologizing for making mistakes, for *being* a mistake.

“Oh, you will be,” said Hannibal and a spike of fear traveled down Will’s spine. His hands lowered slightly but before he could drop the tawse Hannibal took it from his hand, rose from his chair, and held it horizontally by the handle beneath Will’s face. “Let’s begin.” Will found he was shaking when he leaned forward the couple of inches and put his lips on the thick, musky-smelling leather of the tawse’s tongues. When he pulled back, he looked up, up, up at Hannibal and nearly lost it at the dark, unyielding expression on Hannibal’s face. Hannibal lowered the strap to his side and tapped it against his trouser-covered leg. “Remove your clothing. Leave it on the chair,” he commanded with a short gesture to Will’s usual seat.

Will was slow to obey and Hannibal watched his every move, circling the rug and the chairs leisurely like a panther stalking its prey. Will hastily folded each garment, sensing Hannibal’s patience was short, and set them in a pile on the seat of the chair, his boots below on the floor. He didn’t think Hannibal would appreciate the dirty soles on his furniture. He stood, ashamed and bewildered that his cock was half hard. Hannibal eyed his member once and dismissed it.

“Bend over and place your hands on the arms of the chair for balance,” instructed Hannibal and came closer. Will did as asked, still shaken, still unsure. “Lift your buttocks.” Will shifted so that his ass was higher than his chest and it looked like he was about to do a push-up off of the arms of the chair. “You will find that position untenable in the long run; the strain on your arms will be too much. Extend them and draw back, as though you are bowing to some potentate. Lengthen your spine.” Will huffed but tried to do as Hannibal asked. Hannibal hummed, appreciative, when Will was in an acceptable position, ass up, back long, arms extended to full length, hands braced on the chair, and legs a bit wider than shoulder-width apart. “Better. Remember it.”

“Yes sir,” said Will and wondered where his words came from. Maybe from his time as a rookie police officer. He flinched hard when he felt the cool leather of the strap come to rest on his upturned ass and slither along his skin.

“Easy, Will.” Hannibal found Will’s flighty reaction to physical touch both fascinating and delicious; however, he also wanted to tame the flinches out of Will’s body like one would tame a wild thing. *Not yet*, he thought. *First, trust must be built*. Eventually, he would have Will Graham trained to perfect stillness, but not today. Today he wanted to savor every hesitation, every flinch, every twitch Will offered him. He ran the strap along the dip of Will’s spine. He would never in a million years use a tawse on any sub’s lower back, but the threat was enough. Will shivered, knees weakening. Hannibal stepped away, then, just when Will’s fear was beginning to peak, and made Will wait while he put down the tawse, removed his suit jacket, tie, and waistcoat, set them on his chair, and rolled up the sleeves of his dress shirt to his elbows. Then he picked up the tawse again and strode over to stand beside Will. He held it in Will’s peripheral vision, hand firmly around the handle, arm flexed, muscles bulging.

Will had begun to sweat. Perspiration coated Will’s skin, mostly on the forehead, chest, upper back, and underarms. But he had a fine coating of it on his thighs as well from the stress position. His genitals hung, pendulous and still startlingly anticipatory. They would be sorely disappointed today. Hannibal rewarded bad behavior only with dismissal or pain.

With his empty hand, Hannibal ran his palm flat and fingers together, down the whole length of Will’s spine. Will arched like a cat beneath his touch and let out a hum. When he reached Will’s buttocks, he dipped just the tips of his fingers into the warm divide between Will’s legs and over Will’s anus. Will drew in a huge gasp and his stance faltered. Before he could fully right himself, Hannibal grabbed him by the waist and pressed Will against his hip, looking back at Will’s bowed head over his shoulder. “I-I’m n-n… not…” stuttered Will, at a loss as to how to communicate his sudden, acute distress. He wasn’t ready to be punished.

CRACK!

Will cried out, startled, and his pelvis cringed inward, ass trying to get away from the pain that had just been inflicted upon it. His half-hard dick shriveled.

“Hold still!” growled Hannibal, hand clamping down on Will’s hip. Will uncurled his spine, fixing his position, but his ass still stung.

“Aw! Ah, *fuck*, that fucking hur…”

CRACK!

Will mewled and then breathed, panting harshly through the pain of the second hit. He felt Hannibal’s firm hand holding him up against him and the fire in his stinging ass and heard the roar of blood in his ears. He did not expect or register his own tears as they gathered at the corners of his eyes.

“You curse again and I will dole out twice the punishment,” said Hannibal sternly and Will froze, nodding fervently as though he knew he deserved it and as confirmation that he understood the rules.

“I’m sorry, sorry. I’m sorry,” he blathered and was interrupted by another colossal strike from the strap. “Hh! Hhun! Hhhh!” A thumb rubbed gently against his flank and he leaned his full

weight into Hannibal at his side briefly before Hannibal maneuvered him into position again.

“A half dozen should make the point, this time, I should think,” commented Hannibal as though asking the weather or the time of day.

“Nooo!” whined Will and began to sob.

“Later we must work on your pain thresholds,” added Hannibal as an aside and took a moment to run his hand over the bright red marks on Will’s buttocks. Will’s flesh trembled. Sweat turned it clammy aside from where the tawse had struck. That skin was warm, radiant, scarlet as a Macaw’s feathers. Hannibal pinched the meaty, sensitive junction of thigh and ass and Will hissed. “Scottish schoolchildren are hardier than you by far.” Will let out an agonized whine at the tone with which Hannibal delivered his observation. He’d disappointed Hannibal and that did something to him that he didn’t care to analyze in the light of day.

CRACK!

“Augh!”

CRACK!

“Mmmaaah!” Will would have hopped from foot to foot or crouched to mitigate the pain in his buttocks. As it was, he was pinned by Hannibal’s unrelenting strength and so he could only lift one foot and stomp it on the floor while his hands ached as they clenched tight around the arms of the chair. “Please!” he begged, not sure if he was begging for the last hit to be over with or if he was begging for more. He deserved this, after all. Didn’t he?

“Why am I punishing you, Will?” asked Hannibal and Will tossed his head, bowing it in submission and allowing his tears to drip from the end of his nose onto his pile of clothing. “Answer me,” said Hannibal when Will didn’t respond immediately.

“C-Cause…” It began as a whisper but Hannibal interrupted him.

“Louder.”

“Be-Because of my b-bad attitude and,” Will sniffled and lifted one hand to wipe snot from his face, “because I forgot how to present the strap and for… for cussin’.” Will’s Southern accent broke through and for half a second he was thrown back to the bayous and river-life of his youth. Hannibal’s voice, though, brought him back to the present.

“Correct. I will also add another strike. You broke position, Will. Don’t think I didn’t see you wipe your nose just now.” At those words, a levee inside Will burst and he wept freely, ugly-crying to his pile of clothes and the back of the patient chair, waiting for the inevitable…

CRACK!

Hannibal didn’t wait between the sixth and seventh blows. He immediately brought the tawse down on Will’s abused hide a seventh time and caught Will as Will collapsed, lowering him carefully to the floor where Will curled into a ball and hugged his knees, sobbing. Hannibal let go of the tawse. It hung from its loop around his wrist as he pulled Will to him in a secure

hug and rubbed Will's arms to give him something other than the pain to focus on. He hushed him and kissed his sweaty curls and whispered soothing words until Will's cries devolved into the occasional hiccough and soft sigh.

Then, when Hannibal felt Will was ready, he stood, nudged Will to his knees, and said quietly, "I believe thanks are in order, aren't they?"

"Yes," came Will's reverent whisper. His glassy, moist eyes looked up into Hannibal's. Hannibal captured the image in his mind. Later, he would draw Will as St. Sebastian, with arrows piercing his flesh, eyes upturned to heaven with just such a look in them. But now he required obeisance. He held out the tawse by the handle. Will tilted his head down, sighed, and leaned forward. The three or so inches between his lips and the heavy, brown leather seemed like a vast gulf. Will's eyelids fluttered closed as he touched his lips to the now-warm strap and lifted again. He looked up at Hannibal once more and said softly, "Thank you."

The tawse lowered, held beside Hannibal's leg. Will clung to him and Hannibal allowed it. He reached out and ran his hand through Will's hair as Will pressed the side of his face into Hannibal's thigh close to his groin. Will's eyes closed. His chest lifted with his breath, slow and even. "I forgive you, Will," Hannibal whispered.

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